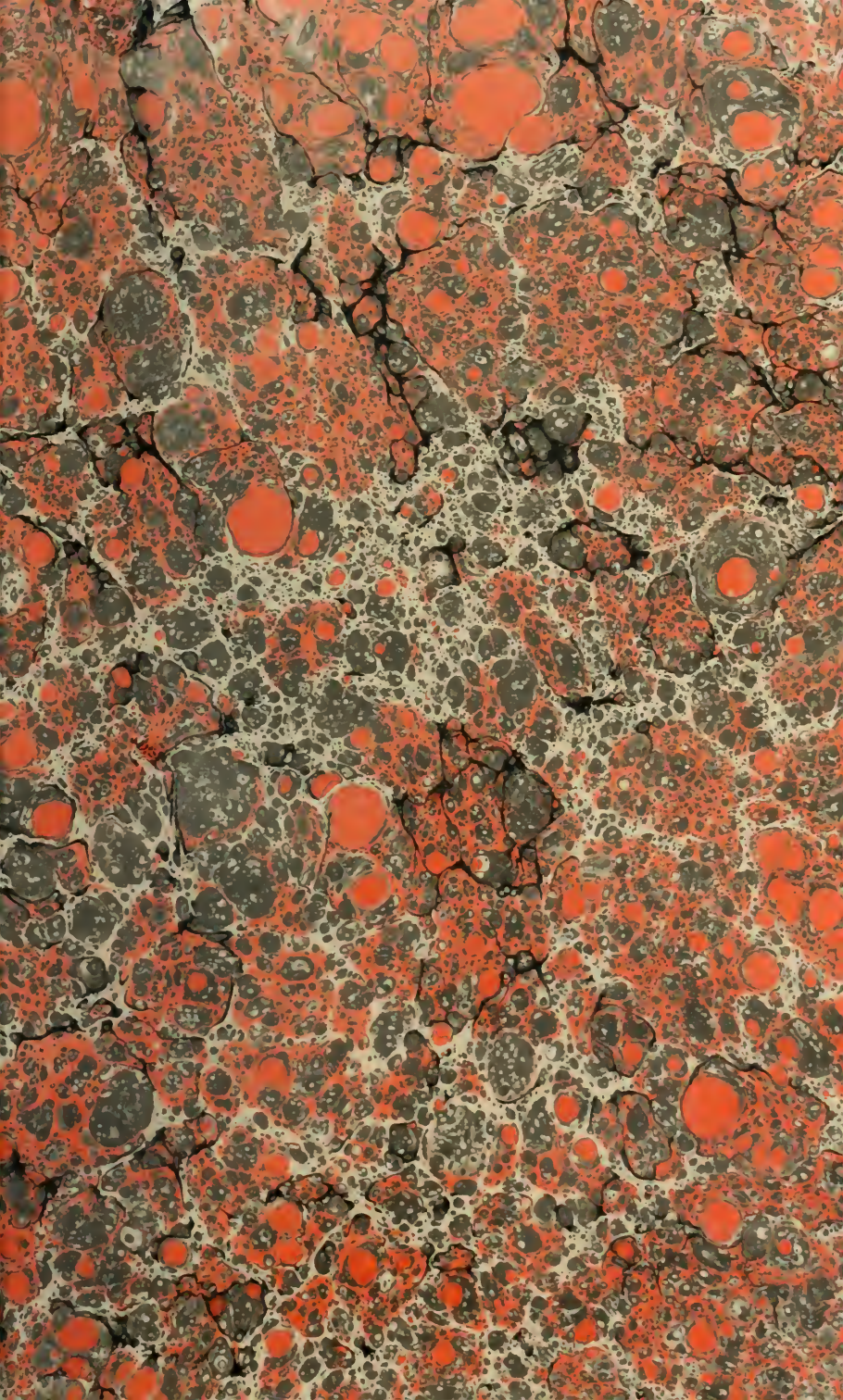

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THE CHARGE OF J---- P---- TO THE Grand Jury of *M*——*x*,

On *Saturday May* 22. 1736.

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A CHARGE to the Grand Jury of M-------x *by J---ge* P----

Gentlemen of theſe Juries,

IT is with great Pleaſure I meet you at this Time: A *Time! Gentlemen*, in which every honeſt Man, every True *Engliſhman*, ought to rejoice with great Pleaſure, and Joy, and Satisfaction.

This Nation, *Gentlemen*, never flouriſh'd more than at this Time; and I dare venture to affirm, *Gentlemen*, on my own Knowledge, that *England* never was ſo happy, *both at Home and Abroad*, as it now is.

It was but lately, *Gentlemen*, very lately! but a little while ago; 'tis within all your Memories, *Gentlemen*, that *Europe* was all over-clouded; our neighbouring Princes engag'd in a bloody and dreadful War; and had it not been for our *Wise King! Gentlemen*, we might have been in the same Condition.

War, *Gentlemen*, is a sad thing! a very sad thing! and worst of all *Gentlemen*, when in one's own Country. Desolation of Houses, Destruction of Thousands of innocent People; Lands laid waste; Fine Men! Brave Men! Men of great Abilities and Quality; Men of great Possessions either kill'd, dead, or ruin'd, and reduc'd to Necessity.

These, *Gentlemen*, are the Miseries of War; and had we, *Gentlemen*, enter'd into these Affairs, *This* migh

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have been our Caſe; but, thro' the Providence of God, and the *great Wiſdom of the King*, we have been preſerv'd from it. And does not this, *Gentlemen*, afford great Matter of Joy, and Pleaſure, and Satisfaction, to every true hearted *Engliſhman!*

'Tis a pleaſurable thing, *Gentlemen*, to think what a *Wiſe King* this Nation is *bleſs*'d with! So *Wiſe* a King, *Gentlemen*, never *before* ſat on the *Engliſh* Throne; and no King, *Gentlemen*, ever carry'd the *Glory of this Nation* to *ſuch a Height* as he has done! The Report, *Gentlemen*, of his *Wiſdom* and *Conduct*, has brought *POWERFUL* Princes to ſeek *Protection* under him; and what an Honour is it to us, *Gentlemen!* what *Joy*, and *Pleaſure*, and *Satisfaction*, to have ſo *Wiſe* a King to rule over us!

Such, *Gentlemen*, is the *Wiſdom*, ſuch is the *Goodneſs* of our King, that he is

ever

ever watchful, ever ſtudying, ever contriving for our *Good*, when we, *Gentlemen*, leaſt think on't. Nor does his Majeſty, *Gentlemen*, confine his Care for us to the *preſent* Time, but when he is *remov'd* from us; which, *Gentlemen*, every honeſt Man, every good *Engliſhman* will wiſh and pray may be *late! very late!*

Gentlemen, in order to make us *happy*, his Majeſty, in his *great Wiſdom!* marry'd his eldeſt Daughter to a *Prince* nearly related to *that Prince!* to whom we owe all that we enjoy at this Day; for had not King *William*, *Gentlemen*, reſcued us, in the *very Nick of Time*, from Arbitrary Power, our *Liberty* and *Property*, and every thing elſe, had been taken from us, and *We*, Gentlemen, *had all been made* Papiſts!

The *Wiſe King! Gentlemen*, for a further *Aſſurance* of our *Happineſs*, has marry'd his Son, the Prince of *Wales*, *Gen-*

Gentlemen, a *promiſing Prince*, *Inheritor* of all his Father's *Virtue* and *Wiſdom*. Him, *Gentlemen*, his Majeſty has marry'd to an excellent Princeſs, acknowledg'd by all and every body, *both thoſe that have ſeen her, and thoſe that have not ſeen her*, to be an agreeable Lady. Beſides, *Gentlemen*, ſhe is a *Proteſtant Princeſs*, deſcended from a Family that is united by Blood, by Marriage, or *by one thing or other*, to all the *Proteſtant* Families in *Europe*. What a *Glorious Alliance*, *Gentlemen*, is *This!* This Alliance, *Gentlemen*, will bring ſuch *Strength*, and ſuch *Security* to *Us* and our *Religion*, that *nothing can hurt us!*

Theſe *Great Things! Gentlemen*, his Majeſty has done for us; and every honeſt Man, I am ſure, every true *Engliſhman*, ought to be thankful to God Almighty, and to the *great Wiſdom* of the King, for them. This, *Gentlemen*, I thought proper to obſerve

to

to you upon this *Happy Occaſion.* And now,

Gentlemen, I muſt beg Leave to repreſent to you ſome Nuſances, Abuſes, and Offences, which it is your Buſmeſs to rectify. We have very good Laws, *Gentlemen,* and I doubt not but you, all of you, do your Duty: But thoſe under you, *Gentlemen,* I am afraid, are negligent.

There are, *Gentlemen,* two ſorts of Laws that are both erroneous: Thoſe that are too weak, and thoſe that are too ſevere. If the Laws are too low and weak, they let Offenders eſcape; if they are too rigid, they make Men deſperate. Our Laws, *Gentlemen,* are happily temper'd between both, and theſe Laws *Engliſhmen* love, and delight to be govern'd by.

There is one great Evil, *Gentlemen,* lately grown up amongſt us to an exorbitant

orbitant Height; and that is, *Gentle-nen*, Drinking of Spirituous Liquors. Our *Wise* King, and the *Wisdom of Parliament*, have provided against it; but before that Law takes Place (not till *Michaelmas*, *Gentlemen!*) many Persons may be destroy'd, many Enormities committed, unless you take Care to restrain them. You have, *Gentlemen*, in every Corner of the Streets, Tippling-houses, where these Spirits are sold. These Tippling-houses, *Gentlemen*, are Harbours for Rogues and Thieves, and disorderly Persons; and in them they *Burrow like Rabbits*. Here, *Gentlemen*, they drink till their Blood and Spirits are inflam'd, and they are made fit for any desperate Attempts; then out they issue, and no sooner is a Fact committed, than *Whip-Stitch* they are gone, away they fly to one of these Houses, that receives both them and their Booty; and if you pursue them, no, they know nothing of the Matter; there are no

ſuch Perſons there; tho', at the ſame time they lye conceal'd and lurking in their Berry.

'Tis not theſe only, *Gentlemen*, but your very Servants and Trades-folks, Men and Women, that have taken to drink theſe pernicious Liquors. Ask them to drink a little Beer or Ale, no, no Beer nor Ale, but a *Sneaker*, a *Sneaker*, or a *Dram*; nothing leſs; and even Children in Arms they will give it to unmix'd, *Arrack*, *Rum*, or *Punch*.

Gentlemen, 'tis a melancholy thing to ſee brave, ſtout, jolly *Engliſhmen* dwindled away to Shrimps; but ſo it is, *Gentlemen*: And this Evil has even ſpread all the Country over, inſomuch, that in the Inns, when our Duty obliges us to travel, we have much ado to keep our Servants ſober. The firſt thing in a Morning, out comes my Landlord, *Gentlemen*, with a Bottle in his Hand; a *Dram*, ay, a *Dram*, will com-

comfort the Coachman, and every other Servant muſt have the ſame.

It is a very happy thing, *Gentlemen*, when the Farmer pays his Rent well: The Landlord is very well pleas'd with it; but in the Country, *Gentlemen*, where I have the Honour to live, a Farmer that rents a Hundred a Year, lives better than the Owner of the Land. His Wife and Daughter muſt drink Tea and Coffee; and when the Good-man comes from his Work, he muſt do ſo too. Tea, *Gentlemen*, is but a thin Liquor, not apt to raiſe the Spirits, rather ſinks them: Why then, *Gentlemen*, a *Dram!* A *Dram* to qualify it, feels warm and comfortable to the Stomach; and thus they learn to love it.

I very well know, *Gentlemen*, that 'tis ſaid, putting down theſe wretched Spirits will hurt the Farmers, will ſink the Price of Corn, and will ſpoil the

Market. This, *Gentlemen*, is alledged under a Pretence, that these Spirituous Liquors are made from Barley, and consequently, are wholesome for the Bodies of Men.

Barley, *Gentlemen*, is a great Support to this Kingdom; but that great Consumption they pretend to make of it, is not true. And indeed how can it be? For I am well inform'd, that they can afford to sell these Spirits, and get good Profit by them, at so low a Price as 10 *d. per* Gallon: Whereas, *Gentlemen*, Raising the Corn, Malting it, and afterwards Working it, will cost at least double the Sum. But when, instead of these vile Spirits, *Gentlemen*, the People take to drinking good Ale and Beer, they will then be able to work, the Consumption and Price of Corn will increase, and both Farmer and Landlord will be the better for't. But, instead of Barley, what do you think, *Gentlemen*, these pretended whole-

wholeſome Spirits are made of? You will ſcarce imagine; but I will tell you, *Gentlemen, What you have been drinking all this while!* Theſe Spirits are made of ſuch Stuff, ſuch vile Stuff! *Gentlemen*, that the very Mention of it will ſurfeit you; even no other, nor better, than your common Lay-ſtalls.

Another Nuſance, *Gentlemen*, which falls under your Care, is the *High-ways*. Every Pariſh, *Gentlemen*, is by Law obliged to mend their own Roads; the Turn-pikes come in only in Aid; and if the High-way is not mended, the Pariſh ought to be Indicted. The High Road's not being mended, *Gentlemen*, is an evil thing! a very evil thing! I am ſure I have found it ſo, having often been oblig'd to *go through Ways that are unpaſſable.*

There are, *Gentlemen*, beſides theſe, many Nuſances, many Abuſes, many Offences, which *You*, *Gentlemen*, *who Walk*,

Walk, and come from diſtant Places, have a better Opportunity of ſeeing, and knowing, than I have; and yet I, and *all Gentlemen that Ride in Coaches*, meet with many Inconveniencies.

There are, *Gentlemen*, your *Coach-makers*, nothing more common with them, than to turn the whole Street into a Shop, and ſpread it all over with Coaches and Carriages; and then, *Gentlemen*, as you drive along, *ſlap* you come againſt ſome of them, *down* comes your Coach; perhaps a Wheel, an Axle-tree, or your Pole broke, if not your Neck: And what care they? It makes Buſineſs for ſome of them, and that's all they care. But this, *Gentlemen*, is a great Abuſe, and contrary to Law.

The Care of the Streets, *Gentlemen*, ſeems in a great Meaſure to be at an End. If a Man wants to pull down, or repair a Houſe, immediately the Street

is

is cover'd with Rubbiſh; perhaps, *Gentlemen*, you think, in, order to ſave the Charge of carrying it away; but, *Gentlemen*, it is for quite other Purpoſes. I will tell you for what. Wheels and Carriages, by often going over this Rubbiſh, grind it to Powder. This, *Gentlemen*, they ſift, and of this they make Morter, and with this rotten Stuff, *Gentlemen*, they build your Houſes; by which Means, *Gentlemen*, you are never ſafe; and great Odds, *Every Night, but you find your Houſes tumbled about your Ears in the Morning.* And this, *Gentlemen*, is a very great Evil!

I might tell you, *Gentlemen*, of many Miſchiefs of this kind; but as Gentlemen of your Learning, Parts and Fortunes, know theſe things better than I do, I ſhall trouble you no further; only I beg Leave to obſerve, *Gentlemen*, and deſire, That as we have a *Wiſe King*, and a *Gracious King*, that does all he can for us, that you, *Gentlemen*,

tlemen, will do your Part too. Then every thing will go well, *PEACE* and *PLENTY* will *Flouriſh*, and we ſhall be *Happy!*

FINIS.